

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME IX. No. 26

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

MARCH 30, 1919



THE LIGHTHOUSE IN THE DUCK-POND

BY
MABEL S. MERRILL.

Drawing by Josephine Bruce.

Chapter Two.

PETER stood at the window for some time watching the figure on the lighted roof.

"I'll tell you what, Spud," he muttered at length, "to-morrow we'll make a raft out of some of those old boards in the garden and go and explore that island. When I find a fellow keeping a lighthouse in a duck-pond I feel as if I'd got to know what he means by it."

The mysterious light was still burning when they fell asleep, and in the morning the first thing they did was to look for some sign of life around that little house on the island. But it looked deserted, and when they asked Aunt Deb about it at breakfast she could not tell them anything. Somebody was out there with a lantern; she supposed, and she was not even curious to know what for. Uncle Roger was already gone to Nutmeg Hill on some errand.

Peter and Spud had barely begun picking out the boards for their raft when Bennie Shaw and Mr. Rice arrived to settle the housekeeping arrangements of the pigs in the jungle. They cut a good wide path through the bushes to the pound, and they mended the gate and built a shelter of boards inside the enclosure. When it was all done and the feeding-troughs were set up Ellen said it was a place where any pig could be happy. There were eleven little white pigs in all when their owners had brought them in. The back garden was such a lively thoroughfare when the feeding began that Aunt Deb stood at the kitchen window and laughed to see them come.

Little lame Olive Brown came in a wheelbarrow pushed by big Ben Shaw. She held a pail of milk with a tight cover over it.

Ella Rice had brought a heaping platter of scraps from the dinner-table and she carried it on her head like an Oriental maiden. Captain Una had a bucket of hot mash and a book on feeding pigs which she read aloud to anybody who would listen. Everybody had brought something for the Kerr pig, whose name was Philander.

"This pays our rent for the pound," Captain Una explained.

The big girl stayed behind to talk a little after the others had gone. She was such a near neighbor, she said, that they must hurry up and get acquainted. Before she went away they decided that they liked her better than they had thought they would.

"She loves to tell people how to do things, but she isn't a bit selfish," Ellen observed. "That little lame girl told me she couldn't have had any pig, only Captain Una gave her aunt three dollars to help pay for it. I'm glad, on the whole, that she lives so near. Seems as if she must know about the light on the island, but I didn't have time to ask her."

"It'll be more fun to find out for ourselves," declared Peter. "You all come and help me work on this raft, and when it's done we won't have to ask questions of other folks."

They finished the raft by noon and Peter pronounced it strong enough to carry them all. They left it at the edge of the pond while they went in to eat luncheon, and then they solemnly set sail for the island a few yards away. They felt like explorers as they drew near the screen of bushes that hid the lower part of the little building. Peering through the leaves and vines, they found themselves looking into what seemed like a little room without walls.

"I can see a chair and a table and a big

box shut up with a padlock," said Spud, in a loud whisper. "My idea is that he's a smuggler and the locked box is where he keeps his plunder. There's a hammock, too. I s'pose a smuggler has to have a place to sleep. But he's got up and gone long ago."

What they were looking into was a little old summer-house which stood among the bushes on the island. It took up almost every foot of that bit of land, so that it seemed really to stand in the water. It was screened all around with mosquito-netting, and was evidently much used either as playhouse or study. What the lantern on the roof was for the visitors could not even imagine. The light of it could not shine down into the room below, and it could hardly be meant as a guide to traffic on the pond, since the only passers-by were ducks, who went to bed at dark.

"I guess whoever lives here does it to show off," said June, wisely. "He thinks his light will make folks take notice of him."

"That doesn't explain why he should be up crawling around on the roof at two o'clock in the morning," objected Spud. "Folks aren't taking notice of things much at that time."

"We'll wait till the lantern is lighted and then we'll pay him another visit," declared Peter, whose curiosity was strongly excited by everything about the "lighthouse."

They poled the raft back to the foot of their own garden and hid it in some bushes. Then, as they prowled about looking for amusement, they came upon another mystery, though Peter was inclined to turn up his nose at this one.

At the back of the garden there was a high flat-topped rock with an old grape-vine twisted all over and around it. Peter climbed up the ladder of vines which were as strong as ropes. Spud followed him and then they lent a hand to June as Ellen lifted her up. They all sat down on the top of the rock and began to wonder what other children had played here before them.

"Likely as not, Aunt Deb did when she was a little girl," remarked Ellen. "It's a splendid place to keep house. Don't these stones look just as if somebody had lugged them up here to play with?"

There were a number of stones set up on the top of the big rock. Ellen tilted a round one near where she was sitting. It rolled away and showed a broken place in the rock underneath, a round cubby-hole big enough to hold a child's treasures.

"There's something in it," she whispered, and putting her hand in she drew out a little old red notebook.

"There's writing in it," said Ellen, "but it's not old-fashioned enough for Aunt Deb's. Looks more like what I used to write when I was in the seventh grade. Oh, see, here's a date. Why, it's been here two whole years! It must have been

hidden away by some little girl that used to live here."

"Nobody ever lived here but Uncle Roger and Aunt Deb," objected Peter, "and they never had any little girl. If they had, her name wouldn't have been 'Sarah Starlight.'" He pointed a scornful finger at the title-page, which read, "Diary of Sarah Starlight."

"Oh, that's a made-up name, of course!" cried Ellen. "I call it real interesting, Peter Kerr. Don't you think it would be all right to read some of it?"

"Don't see why not, when it's nothing but a pack of rubbish, anyway," retorted Peter, loftily.

Ellen opened the notebook and began to read. At first it was not very interesting, being all about people and places she had never heard of. But when she came to the end she read aloud the last page. This is what it said:

"I, Sarah Starlight, have met with a great loss and it's all that bad boy's fault. Queen Mirabel has vanished again. Last time I found her up to her chin in a barrel of beans with just her head sticking out, and another time she was jammed into the haymow with only her top hair in sight. Mr. Moonshine said it didn't hurt her any, but I'd like to be informed what he knows of a doll's feelings. Anyhow, she is lost for good this time. He can't remember where he put her, and he was some ashamed of himself when I told him how all my hopes were buried with her. We've both hunted till we had to give it up, and I've got to go away without finding my treasure, and live in a hasty-pudding-colored house with green trimmings at Nutmeg Hill."

Ellen had read all this quite solemnly, but long before it was finished Peter had straightened out flat on the top of the rock and lay there, speechless with laughter.

"All that fuss over a doll!" he said when he could speak. "Sarah Starlight must have been own-cousin to the geese down in that pond. I'd like to know more about 'Mr. Moonshine.' I'll bet he was a good fellow."

"I think it was mean of him to keep hiding that poor doll when little Sarah thought so much of it," declared Ellen, "but it was just like a boy. Do you suppose she still lives in the hasty-pudding-colored house with green trimmings at Nutmeg Hill?"

"When we go that way we'll look," said Peter. "Nutmeg Hill isn't far off. It's another village, bigger than this one, Uncle Roger says, with some cotton mills."

Ellen put the little red book back in its hiding-place and they were just thinking of another voyage to the island when Aunt Deb called them in to supper. Ellen and June helped afterward with the dishes, and the boys had wood and kindlings to bring in, so it was quite dusky when they came out again into the garden.

Spud grasped Peter's arm and pointed to the light burning on the peaked roof above the bushes on the island.

"He must have come in a boat," whispered the boy. "I was hoping I could keep watch and catch him at it. Can we go right over, Peter?"

They lost no time in launching the raft and poling over to the summer-house in the water. Somebody must have heard them coming, for a hand parted the leaves and a boy's face looked out.

"Ship ahoy," a voice said. "Give me your rope if you've got one and I'll tie you up so you can come in. The skeeters'll eat you out there."

Peter handed him the rope which they used to moor the raft and the boy made it fast to a post of the summer-house, so that they could step right in at the door of the little mosquito-netted room. It was a tight fit for five of them, but nobody minded that. They were too much interested.

The boy of the lighthouse was older than they were. He was even older than June's big girl, Captain Una. Peter decided that he was as much as sixteen. But he looked them over with interest.

"You must be the Kerr youngsters," he said. "I know all the other kids round here. I'm Louis Trevor. You never heard tell of me—"

"Oh, yes, we have," broke in June. "The big girl said something about you— What was it, Ellen? Oh, I know; she said it was none of Louis Trevor's business if she did like to run things."

"Sounds enough like her," growled Louis. "If you've been getting acquainted with Una Linford you won't have much use for me." His face was dark as he half turned his back and began fumbling with some books on his little table.

Peter hastened to tell their new friend all about how they had happened to meet Una Linford, and Louis' face relaxed a little as he listened. He laughed at the story of the runaway pigs and said he should have to come over and see them some day. "Only not when she's around," he added. "Una Linford and I are first cousins, but we don't have anything to do with each other. I'll tell you why, sometime, maybe. Now I suppose you'd like to know what I do out here in a duck-pond in the middle of the night?"

"We've puzzled our brains over it till they're most wore out," Spud assured him.

"Well, I'm going to show you. See this ladder?"

It was a little light ladder set outside the summer-house and fastened securely to one of the posts. Louis stepped out and went up like a squirrel. They heard him scrabbling about on the little peaked roof, and then he came down carefully and stood in front of the screen door which they had closed after him.

"You'll have to open it for me," he said. "My hands are full."

(To be continued.)

One learns that loving is to pray;
That bounteous gifts increase one's store;
And Hyacinths, if given away,
But feed the soul the more.

JAMES TERRY WHITE.

The brotherhood of mankind must no longer be a fair but empty phrase; it must be given a structure of force and reality. The nations must realize their common life and effect a workable partnership.

WOODROW WILSON.

The soul that looks within for truth may guess
The presence of some wondrous heavenliness.

LOWELL.

A Little Earthquake Story.

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX.

HERE was once a little girl who lived in the Imperial Valley in Southern California. As you may know, there are sometimes earthquakes in the Imperial Valley. The little girl had never heard of earthquakes when she first went to live on a wonderful ranch in the Valley, where everything in her mother's garden grew almost as fast as Jack's magic beanstalk.

There were cows and horses and pigs and chickens on the ranch, and they, too, grew and thrived.

Helen had been living but a little while in her new home when one of the hens made her laugh. It was a little brown hen that was always saying "What?" It used to say "What? What? What?" about nothing at all.

Every morning and night Helen helped her mother feed the hens. How she laughed when the little brown hen used to say pleasantly, "What? Wha-a-a-t? Whaa-t?" and then kept on eating without waiting for an answer!

"I think I will have the little hen that asks questions for my pet," said Helen.

"What, whaa-t, wha-a-t?" asked the hen, and that settled it; she was Helen's pet. Helen named her "What-what."

The little hen led a merry life. She used to go walking by herself and talking by herself and jumping by herself, all so simply dressed in smooth brown feathers. Sometimes Helen wished she were a little brown hen, too, so she wouldn't have to wash her face and get dressed and learn lessons from books. When she spoke to the little brown hen about it, the little brown hen seemed surprised, and said, "What, whaaa-t, what?"

Of course Helen laughed. She was always laughing at the funny ways of her little brown hen.

Then one night, when the little hen was in bed on her roost, with her head tucked under her wing, and Helen was in her little bed asleep, there came an earthquake. There was a rumbling noise, the house shook, and Helen tumbled out of bed. To be sure, she didn't know what to think at first, but when her mother came running and said cheerfully, "It is nothing but an earthquake, Helen," the little girl answered, "All right."

The chimney came tumbling down bumpety-bump next minute, just as the family were outside the house.

When the earthquake made Helen roll out of bed, it sent the hens and chickens off their roosts, and they wished to know what was the matter. They were all asking questions at once; but louder than the others, the brown hen was saying "What—what—what—whaa-t?" She was so frightened.

While Helen's father was bringing out cots and bedding from the house to make beds for the family out in an open place under the stars, Helen ran to the hen-house, in the bright moonlight, to comfort her pet.

"It is nothing but an earthquake," she said to her little brown hen, "and you and all the other chickens better roost on the ground until the earthquake weather is over."

"WHAT—WHAT—WHAT — what — WHA-A-A-T—what?" asked the little

brown hen, in distracted tones that sounded as if she were crying, hen-fashion.

"It is only an earthquake," Helen repeated, "and mother says God knows all about it and will take care of us."

The poor little hen couldn't understand, and kept wailing "What-what" all night.

As for little Helen, when her mother tucked her in bed again out under the stars, she said, "Mamma, I am glad I am not a hen, because little What-what can't understand, as I do, that this rumbling and shaking is nothing but an earthquake, and God will take care of us."

And he did. The earthquake weather that year lasted all summer in the Imperial Valley. All summer Helen and her family lived outside the house day and night, and through it all, little Helen was cheerful and happy. The poor little hen, though, never could get used to being shaken off her perch, and she couldn't understand that an earthquake, as Helen often told her, is only an earthquake. She continually said "What-what-what?" in such a funny fashion, Helen laughed and was ever after glad that she was a little girl instead of a hen.

This story is almost every word true; Helen, who is a big girl now, is the one who told me.

padres, as they were called, established their first mission for the Indians upon the shores of San Diego Bay, and so laid the foundations for the present city bearing the same name.

"This mission was the first of a long string to be established along the coast of what is now the State of California, and to connect these various missions a highway was laid out over which the padres in visiting the various missions could travel on foot or by horse or mule, as the case might be."

"In those days Spain controlled the territory along a good portion of the Pacific Coast, and so, to honor the Spanish ruler, the road was called 'El Camino Real,' meaning 'the king's highway.' In time the United States came into possession and control of California, and some portions of the old 'king's highway' were included in the newly laid out roads, while other sections fell into disuse."

"A few years ago a California woman became interested in a plan to properly mark the old highway, as a matter of historical interest, and so funds were obtained by subscriptions, and the bells, to imitate the bells which had called the Indians to worship in the old missions, most of which are now in ruins, were cast and placed upon poles along El Camino Real, from San Diego to San Francisco."

Passing on down the old road, Uncle Jim and his two charges came to the pleasing shade of a great pepper-tree, and there they decided to "make camp." Some one had used the same spot before, and a heap of stones had been built into a rude fire-pit. While Uncle Jim started a small fire over which to toast apples, the girls romped about until he called them to lunch. Sandwiches had been brought from home, and a stop had been made at a dairy ranch where Uncle Jim had loaded up with three bottles of milk. As a sort of dessert they all gathered dates from palm-trees growing near the road. While the dates were not as large nor possessed of as much "meat" as the dates at the store, they still afforded a sweet bit for the "hikers."

Looking farther along the highway the girls espied a tall palm-tree of another variety, standing all by itself. When lunch was over they resumed their walk, and as they came to the lone palm they found it surrounded by a fence, upon which was a sign telling that it was the last of a group of palms set out there by the mission padres in 1769.

"That poor lone tree," remarked Uncle Jim, "might be likened to the last crow in the little rhyme about the crows which sat on a tree, with their numbers gradually diminishing, one by one, as they flew away. Years ago there were still standing three of the old palms. Then, at the time of the World's Fair in Chicago, some people, who may have thought they were doing a great thing, secured one of the palms and shipped it to Chicago as an interesting feature. This left but two, and they stood side by side until a few years ago when a terrific wind-storm came one night and blew one of them down. So the last old palm was left standing alone, and I hope it will remain for many years."

"If you will look up toward the top of the hill back of the tree," continued Uncle Jim, "you will see a cross standing boldly in relief against the sky-line. That, too,



has its history, as it is a memorial to the Franciscans. It is made up of old bricks which were made more than a century and a quarter ago, and which were used in the walls laid up in those early days by the padres and their Indian charges. Those walls long ago fell down, and the whole site of the settlement on the hilltop became overgrown with vegetation. A few years ago, a group of men interested in preserving the things of historical interest excavated about the old walls, taking out enough to build the cross. And so," he concluded, "it will stand for generations, to tell visitors to the locality something of the story of the founding of civilized communities on these Western shores."



Bells and Palm-Trees.

INTERESTING FEATURES OF A "HIKE" ALONG CALIFORNIA HIGHWAYS.

BY ALLEN HENRY WRIGHT.

WHAT a funny place to put a bell," remarked Mary Clementine as she and Helen Frances and Uncle Jim came to a point in the road where there stood a tall metal post with a curve near the top from which was suspended a bell about a foot in diameter.

They were out on a "hike" along a highway in Mission Valley, in the city of San Diego, Cal., and as they had all the day to themselves Uncle Jim thought it a good time to tell the girls just why the bell was there.

"Many, many years ago, in fact it was some seven years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and that would put it back in 1769, the Franciscan

Betty's Stitches.

BY HARRIET HUNTING PIERSON.

I'M learning to sew; and Mother, you know,
Like all other mothers, I s'pose,
Wants every stitch to be made just so,
And all in the straightest rows.

But one warm day, when I longed to play,
I was cross, and I made them wrong,
Just higgledy-piggledy, every way,
All crisscross, short and long.

Of course I knew it would never do,
And Mother said, "Oh, my child!"
I didn't expect such work from you!
And she never even smiled.

I dreamed that night—'twas the queerest sight!—
All those stitches around me lay;
I tried to catch them with all my might,
While they wriggled and twisted away.

I know it must seem like a foolish dream,
But I caught them, every one,
And sewed them all in a beautiful seam,
And Mother said, "Well done!"

"Edgar?" "Yes, mother." "What are you children doing?" "Playing royalty. I am a Knight of the Garter, and Edwin is Saturday." "That is an odd name for royalty." "Oh, it is just a nickname on account of his title." "What is his title?" "Knight of the Bath!"

Youngstown Telegram.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

418 SOUTH WILLOMET AVENUE,
DALLAS, TEX.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have never written you before, but I met you once. I would like very much to join your Club and have the privilege to wear your badge. We have not got a very large Sunday school or church, but what few do come are faithful. Mr. Aimer is our superintendent and Mr. George Gilmour our minister. My mother is secretary and treasurer.

I am sending four puzzles.

Yours truly,
RICHARD WILLIS.

16 CHESTNUT STREET,
WINCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am nine years old and go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I have been to Sunday school for five years and have not missed a Sunday. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
HAZEL GODDU.

Isn't this a fine record for a little girl who has been going to Sunday school since she was four years old?

Other members of Hazel's class who have recently joined our Club are Louise Kidder, Helen Ramsey, and Florence Watters.

A House of Happiness.

BY THE EDITOR.

THAT sounds like a story-book house,—a House of Happiness,—though we might give that name, I am sure, to many of our homes. But the place I mean is a larger home and a very unusual one. It is in the great city of London and its real name is St. Dunstan's. Could you guess what people live there,—such cheerful, contented people that they fill the place with happy laughter and good cheer as they go about their work? I will tell you: they are soldiers blinded in the Great War. Every one in that home lives in a world of darkness. For those men the light of day has gone out. Yet they are not helpless and gloomy, nor do they idle away their time. They are doing or learning such work as the blind can do.

Indeed, you would hardly guess how many kinds of work they may learn to do. There are four hundred blinded men learning such occupations as plumbing, carpentry, massage, basket-weaving, and stenography. Some are learning the typewriter, so that they may express their ideas and use their education and abilities as editor or author. Did you know that the typewriter was invented to give people blind from babyhood a way of learning to write?

These men play, too. Dancing is the first thing taught them, and when they have learned that, they gain confidence in moving about and finding their way through rooms, gardens, and streets, with little or no help.

Sir Arthur Pearson, who has been blind himself for about six years, is the man who

87 SCHOOL STREET,
WINCHENDON, MASS.
Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to join the Beacon Club.

I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. Our minister is Dr. Alfred Free. My Sunday school teacher is Mrs. Hall.

I used to go to the Unitarian church in Ashby, also in San Diego, Cal.

I like *The Beacon* very much.

I am sending you a puzzle.

Yours sincerely,
ROBERT FRANKLIN WILKINSON.

11703 KELTON AVENUE,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

My Dear Miss Buck,—We are very much interested in *The Beacon* and its Club and would like to become members of the Club. We go to the First Unitarian Church in Cleveland and Mr. Simons is our minister. Miss Cummings is our Sunday school teacher. We are thirteen years old and are in the eighth grade. We have just formed a Girl Scout Troop and Mrs. W. J. Watson is our leader. We like *The Beacon* very much and would like to wear the Club button.

Very truly yours,
GRACE FAWCETT
and MILDRED TOZER.

Other new members of our Club are Evelyn Childs, Oakland, Cal.; and in Massachusetts: Margerie E. Nourse, Bolton; Madeline Kume, Bridgewater; Donald Urry, Jamaica Plain; Irving and Lawrence Lunt, Milton; Barbara Whittemore, Roslindale; Richard Potter, Wellesley Hills; Helen Porter, West Roxbury.

made possible St. Dunstan's and the fine work it is doing. The house and estate in Regent's Park was given him for the purpose by a generous philanthropist, Mr. Otto Kahn.

When a blind man is admitted to St. Dunstan's, Sir Arthur talks with him to find out what it was he most wanted to do in life before he became blind. When he tells him, Sir Arthur says, "Well, let us try whether you cannot learn to do just that anyway."

St. Dunstan's is a house of happiness, because the people in it are learning to overcome a great obstacle, to make the best of their lives, and to understand themselves and each other. Do you wonder it has been called the happiest place in London?

A Prayer.

BY GRACE LAWRENCE.

FATHER of Light,
From the dark night
Safe I awake once more.

For sleep and rest,
Which Thou hast blest,
My thanks I now outpour.

And for to-day,
Through all the way,
Help to do right I implore.

By Beaver Brook a thrush is ringing
Till all the alder-coverts dark

Seem sunshine-dappled with his singing.

LOWELL.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LII.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 2, 14, 4, 8, is another name for house.
My 9, 5, 13, 1, is now slow.
My 7, 3, 2, 15, is a boy's name.
My 2, 14, 6, 11, is used to water the garden.
My 10, is the sixth letter in the alphabet.
My 1, 2, 12, 8, 11, is a number.
My whole was a well-known President.

SHERMAN DANE.

ENIGMA LIII.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 1, 6, 10, 22, 15, is a State.
My 16, 3, 2, 13, 23, is what we do in winter.
My 8, 4, 6, 11, 13, 20, 7, is not poor.
My 19, 5, 17, 18, is to avoid.
My 13, 14, 21, 24, 13, 11, 12, is a flower.
My 9, 2, 16, 13, 4, 22, is to hurry.
My whole is a wise old saying.

ISAIAH CHASE.

A CONUNDRUM.

A shining wit pronounced of late.
That every acting magistrate
Is water in a freezing state.

CAROLYN GEBHARDT.

THE NEW HOUSE.

(1) What part of the house is one-third fir, one-fifth spruce, and three-fifths maple? (2) What part is one-third fir, one-seventh hemlock, one-third oak, one-seventh hickory, and one-fifth spruce? (3) What part is one-seventh cypress, one-third bamboo, and one-third fir? (4) What part is one-sixth walnut, one-half pine, and three-sevenths dogwood? (5) What part is one-third ash, one-fourth teak, one-eighth chestnut, one-fifth birch, and one-fifth cedar?

Exchange.

RIDDLES.

I.

The orange and the apple,
I hedge them round about,
And from the steeple of the church
I send a message out.

II.

My sides are laced about;
My head is very thin;
They often beat me on the street;
I've not a thing within.

Youth's Companion.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 24.

ENIGMA XLVII.—Theodore Roosevelt.

ENIGMA XLVIII.—John Greenleaf Whittier.

TWISTED TREES.—1. Ash. 2. Cedar. 3. Elm. 4. Pine. 5. Birch. 6. Beech. 7. Hickory. 8. Oak. 9. Maple. 10. Hemlock. 11. Spruce. 12. Chestnut.

WITH "US" AWAY.—1. Faust, fat. 2. Muse, me. 3. House, hoe. 4. Usage, age. 5. Usher, her. 6. Rouse, roe.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY
The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from

104 E. 20th St., New York
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
162 Post St., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1918.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON